

Dreamer to a Dream

by DarthBubbles

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Pairings: Astrid/Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-12-30 04:53:24

Updated: 2011-12-30 04:53:24

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:10:07

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,248

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Hiccup likes to hold Astrid's hand.

Dreamer to a Dream

Got into a HTTYD Vibe again, if you haven't noticed(: Gift of the Night Fury helped a bit with that. Anyways, this little idea kinda came to my head, so I sat down in front of my laptop and just typed what came to mind... This is purely from my brain, I haven't edited it \_at all\_,so I hope this doesn't suck terribly. I don't think it does, but you never know. (: The title is inspired by the song of the same title by Brightwood, and I highly suggest you listen to it, because it's absolutely adorable and seems like a good song for these two. (:

Pairing: Hiccup/Astrid. Of course. And that pairing is basically the plot of this thing anyway. (Plot? HA! What plot?)

Enjoy!

\* \* \*

><p>He held her hand as he ate. It was a bit of a challenge, as his dominant hand was preoccupied with hers and he had to use his left hand to stab at the meat weakly with a fork. Fortunately, he'd been getting better at it. It had been routine since the war ended, and now, although it took a few tries to get the food to his mouth, he no longer spilled his mead across the table and into Tuffnut's lap.<p>

He would sometimes absentmindedly rub his thumb over the back of her hand, and she almost always squeezed in response. Every once in a while she'd squeeze a little too hard, not realizing her own strength. Hiccup never said anything about this, however, fearing she'd never respond to his touch if he did.

He didn't like letting go of her hand, ever. His own hand felt empty, and quite frankly, incomplete without Astrid's fingers filling the gaps between his. It was this reasoning that led him to eating with his left hand in the first place.

At the moment, his plate was empty, licked clean aside from the mystery casserole on the side, of which he had taken one bite and promptly spit back out on the floor behind him. So he waited for her to finish, studying the hand he held in his for what seemed like the thousandth time and memorizing every inch of it.

"Hiccup?" her voice was soft and questioning. He glanced up in answer, meeting her sapphire blue eyes for a moment before seeing the plate in front of her. Empty.

"Oh." His trademark sheepish grin split his face at the realization that he'd been so focused on her that he didn't notice she'd finished eating.

Astrid merely smiled, standing up and reaching a hand down to help him up. He balanced on his good leg for a moment as he lifted the prosthetic over the bench, then leaned heavily on her shoulder as he shifted all his weight to the bad leg. He wobbled a bit, and she instinctively hooked an arm around his waist to support him. "Careful," she whispered, and he smiled.

Sometimes he wondered if she understood him more than Toothless did. A simple gesture between them could convey more feelings than simple words could describe. A touch, a smile, a kiss, could sum up everything they felt for each other. She wasn't just his girlfriend. In fact, he hated that term for her. Aside from Toothless, who wasn't much for conversation, she was, first and foremost, his closest friend and confidant. After that, she simply wasn't a girl who was the subject of his hormonally-imbalanced teenage perfections, she was the one and only person, he was certain, that he would ever love with the entirety of his heart. Hiccup was so certain of the matter that he intended on spending the rest of his life with her, and letting her know the extent of his feelings when they were of age.

He pushed the door open for the both of them to exit the mead hall and insisted on holding it for her as they walked into the bitter cold. She rolled her eyes at his gentlemanly conduct, but proceeded through the open doorway, taking his hand as she passed and tugging him along with her. He fell into step next to her easily, attempting to keep most of his weight on the prosthetic so that she wouldn't have to drag him to her front porch. He knew she wouldn't have a problem with doing so, but he also wanted to keep her from having to do anything more than walk beside him.

They continued through the snow, hand-in-hand, for the next few minutes. Neither said a word, but the occasional glance and smile was enough for both of them. They didn't speak until they had ascended the steps of Astrid's porch and stood before her front door.

The falling snow had caught on her long eyelashes, and she blinked a few times to shake it off. "You know, you really need a haircut," she remarked, reaching her fingers forward to brush through his shaggy auburn hair. "It's getting long."

"I could say the same about you," he shot back, indicating the blonde curtain of bangs that obstructed her eye.

She brushed the hair from her face annoyedly, locking blue eyes with green. Hiccup merely grinned. "Every time you get angry at me only makes me fall for you harder," he told her matter-of-factly.

"Maybe I should get angry more often," she mused, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

He had barely leaned in to kiss her when the wooden door swung open and her father's broad frame filled the doorway. Hiccup felt his heartbeat accelerate and struggled to breathe as the larger man looked down at the couple.

"Astrid, time to come inside," he grunted, and his daughter's face fell only slightly.

"Will do, Dad."

"Good night, Mr. Hofferson," Hiccup managed to say while looking the man in the eye.

"Good night, Hiccup," he replied politely before returning inside.

The teens stood, rooted to their respective spots for a moment, still holding the other's hand. Astrid squeezed softly. "He's not \_that\_ scary."

"Yes, he is," he said bluntly.

She giggled quietly, a sound that was music to Hiccup's ears. He grinned, pulling her closer by their joined hands and wrapping his arms around her waist. "You have the greatest laugh," he whispered, and she blushed involuntarily.

"Not really, but thanks," she replied. He was sure she was about to continue, but he pressed his lips tenderly to hers before she had the chance. Her lips fit the contours of his mouth as perfectly as her hand fit in his. Hiccup took it as a sure sign from the gods that Odin had created them specifically for each other.

She pulled away smiling. "See you tomorrow?"

"Of course," he told her, grinning. "Night."

"Night," she replied, pecking him on the cheek before going inside. There was a silence for a few moments before the door opened again, and she popped her head out to say, "You're amazing!" before closing it again.

Hiccup chuckled to himself as he walked away, unable to wipe the grin from his face.

Toothless sauntered out from behind a building and made a snickering noise at the young Viking. He just rolled his eyes as he playfully pushed his dragon's face away from his own. "Shuddup, bud."

End  
file.